

Contract With Alpha Logan by Misha K

Chapter 161

Biancha POV

The misery in my life began when my father rejected my mother and chose to seek revenge by kidnapping me one fateful night. His expulsion from the pack by the Alpha triggered this chain of events. The only reason he expelled my father was that he rejected his daughter. I was only ten years old at that time.

Ever since, my father had been running around like a rogue. He had gathered a small army of werewolves and declared himself as the rogue king.

He paid little attention to me and treated me harshly. I had debated with him once to return me to my mother, but the argument led to beatings.

When I was fourteen, I had tried to take my life, but his men rescued me and got me back to him. That attracted more beatings.

“Don’t think of dying, Biancha,” he hissed after he had beaten me with his belt. “I will sell you to the right customer. Otherwise, how will I earn all the money I spent on you?”

That year, my father married Karen, who had two daughters, who were twins and older than me. Karen’s interest in landscaping benefited my father financially. So whenever Karen and her daughters scolded me, he never

stopped them. Eventually, Karen made sure that I became a servant in their house.

The twin sisters, Ginny and Minnie, had made my life hell. They bullied me in every possible way. They ensured that I received a beating from my father if I didn't serve them properly. I cleaned their room, did laundry, cleaned toilets, and made food. There was no respite. Even at school, the sisters ensured they bullied me. Often, they would lock me up in lockers and I would end up missing classes. They made fun of me in front of their friends. My life was worse than hell.

I just couldn't take it anymore and ran away from my house. It was when I was running away that it started pouring. I was directionless, hungry, and had no money. On top of that, I was scared. What if my father or his men found me? Feeling tired, I stood beneath a pine tree with my arms wrapped around me. Soaked till the bones, I was shivering. I shivered as my teeth chattered and the heavy rain swept away my tears. I was mentally and physically exhausted.

Standing beneath the pine tree, I hoped for a miracle to happen. I had heard of Cedar town and thought that I was going there, but I didn't know for sure. I didn't know how far it was.

I would have shifted, but you see, my wolf didn't come out. She refused to show herself during our first shift. Obviously, I was shunned by everyone around me. They made fun of me, called me weak and said that I would be a good pack whore since no one would marry me.

Amidst the chaos in my mind, a glimmer of hope appeared. No, it was a hazy ray of white light through the sheet of rain far in the distance. I narrowed my eyes, wondering what it was when it came nearer. It was a black car with strong headlights, and it screeched right in front of me.

Scared to death that it was one of my father's wolves, I froze, feeling like a deer caught in headlights. But when the window rolled down, it revealed the faces of the two most beautiful boys I'd ever seen. They looked like they

belonged to rich families. While one had hazel eyes and dark hair, the other had chocolaty brown hair and light brown eyes. Mesmerized, I couldn't tear my gaze away from them. And they stared at me. I felt like I was spellbound. Strange feeling surged inside me. The world around me seemed to fade. But somewhere in my mind, a voice said they were so handsome that they must be eliciting the same reaction from every girl.

I broke the Stupid spell. "Can you give me a lift?"

While sitting in their luxurious car, I felt ashamed as my wet clothes dampened the seats. But I was surprised when one of them gave me his coat. Since I was feeling extremely cold, I couldn't refuse and wore it. They wanted to drop me home. I had no home. I was afraid that if I revealed my misery, they might take advantage of me. So I asked them to drop me off at the market square of whatever town they were going to. When we reached, the place looked deserted. As I got out of the car, I thanked them and walked away hurriedly.

One month later.

I had secured a job as a waitress in a restobar. It was a small restaurant on the quaint side of Cedar town. The owner, James, an elderly man with a tough demeanor and a kind heart, took pity on me when I was lurking around his establishment. His only condition for hiring me was to keep his place spic and span. I was born ready for it.

"Bia!" My heart jumped as I whipped my head left and right to see who was calling me.

"Gosh!" I rolled my eyes at Nina. She was my only friend at the restobar, and she loved to surprise me with her dramatics. "Why can't you ever speak in your original voice?" I glowered at her.

“What’s the fun in that?” she giggled. She pointed with her thumb over her shoulder towards the entrance of the bar. “A few men had come this way and were asking for a Biancha Keith.”

A shudder ran down my body, hearing my name. Suppressing that nervousness, I asked, “So?”

“So they said that she was missing. According to them, she was seen in this town and they wanted to check if I knew her.” She started wiping the counter. Casually she asked, “Do you know any Biancha Keith?”

“No.” I averted my gaze and picked up the glasses that I had cleaned to keep them in the rack.

“Yeah, I don’t know either.”

Eager to change *the topic*. “So what are you gonna do with your salary?”

She blew a strand of hair from her face. “I’ll party and drink and treat myself to a special spa. What about you?”

I pursed my lips. I didn’t have that luxury. Ever since James had hired me, he had been feeding me with leftovers. The bar’s toilet was my *bathroom*.

I had two dresses, and *they* were both uniforms. How could I tell her I had only two pairs of panties and bras? “I’ll be buying dresses,” I *chuckled*.

“Sounds cool!” Nina said.

Just then, the *door* opened, and a group of students arrived. I had heard that Cedar Academy was nearby and so this restobar was quite popular. James came and grunted his usual way, scoffing at the students who he often referred to as spoilt brats. “If any of these try to harm you, let me know,” he said in his usual protective voice.

We got busy with the work as more students poured in along with the locals. At about 10 PM when we were closing, a group of five men sauntered in. Since Nina was at the back in the kitchen arguing with the chef about something, I hurried to them with my notepad.

“What can I bring for you *guys*?” I asked, tucking a strand of my hair behind my ear. “We’ll be closing in half an hour!” I indicated *they* rushed with their orders.

They *all* stopped talking and snapped their heads at me. The one closest to me chuckled. “We can have you as dessert.” He smoothed his dark hair over his forehead while staring at me lewdly.

I froze and clenched my jaw. “I’m not available,” I said through my clenched teeth. “Please let me know if you want to order or else I may have to ask you to leave.”

He raised an eyebrow. “What would you recommend?”

Irritation set in me. “Coffee latte and blueberry scones.”

The others burst out laughing, and I blushed.

“She wants us to have scones!” One of them mocked.

The man near me leaned forward and said, “Do we look like babies to you?” He scowled. “Get *five* beers and three pizzas with sausage and peppers.”

“Sorry, pizza isn’t available, but I can get grilled steaks with potato skewers.”

“Fine, get it,” he said lazily, checking me from top to bottom.

I turned quickly and relayed the order to the kitchen. I couldn’t shake off the eerie vibe these men gave off.

“Hey, you okay?” Nina asked, making me jump again like a mouse.

“Yeah!” I replied, pouring beer.